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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

osceola

Gambling in the antique market

by Silas Young

"That bugger might be gold," Carol Lorick said, staring intently at the old coin in the palm of his hand.

Lorick was stopped dead in the doorway of a Columbia restaurant in the waning trickle of the noon rush, doing what he does so well -- appraising.

"It could be a commemorative coin," he says, "or maybe a token. It's old anyway."

Lorick, 41, is a descendant of three Czech brothers who came to this country as stone masons 150 years ago.

"I was a bricklayer for 17 years before I even saw an antique," he said.

Five years ago Lorick, part of a family that had been building with mortar and trowel for over a century, got into a highly speculative field -- buying and selling antique furniture.

It was a gradual shift over the years. The attraction, fired by Lorick's interest in coin and gun collections, prompted him to begin buying -- carefully, at first. Soon, however, it began to cut into the time he previously spent laying brick.

Eventually he says, he was only laying brick two days out of the week. It wasn't quite a year later that he went into the antique business whole hog, placing his merchandise, on consignment, in shops throughout Columbia.

"I didn't even think about an antique till I was older," he said. "I grew up in a poor family."

His mother-in-law gave him his first collectable coins right after Lorick married Claudette.

Lorick was 26 then, and although, in many ways, he exhibited many of the characteristics of his West Columbia peers he never started smoking or drinking.

On his way to becoming one of the highest paid brickmen in the Columbia area and ramrod of a bricklaying crew these two eccentricities of abstinence left Carol with the kind of money a man needs to get serious about a hobby.

After the gift of coins from his mother-in-law Lorick went out and bought himself one of those glossy blue coin books. Polishing off the beginner books in no time he forged a relationship with V.O. Snellgrove, whom Lorick calls "the best in the state when it comes to coins."

Throughout his life, when Lorick has encountered a body of knowledge, he has gone straight to the person who, in his judgement, is an authority in that particular area.

This technique, as it appears over and over in Lorick's account of his life, has apparently allowed Lorick to amass a master's concept of a number of crafts in a minimum of time.

A hobby may represent leisure to a man of means, but financial productivity of a hobby is a central theme to man from a poor family.

It wasn't long before Lorick realized the impracticality of coin collecting if he expected the hobby to pay for itself.

"The volume of inventory you would need to make any money in coins would have to be about $40,000," Lorick said.

"Say you buy an Indian head penny for 30 cents and sell it for 45; you've only made a 15 cent profit and people like to talk a lot when they buy a coin. You'll probably talk an hour to sell one coin," Lorick said.

With a penchant for profit, 15 cents an hour didn't meet the requirements Lorick had for a hobby. Sales was the element that attracted Lorick to his hobby; that traditional and symbolic exchange between people in America; that great national excuse to interact.

Looking around for something a little more promising in the investment area, he finally settled on gun collecting, his brother's hobby.

"That license crap got me, though," Lorick said. "You couldn't get any gun made after 1897 through the mail anymore," Lorick said.

But there came a time when Lorick became acquainted enough with both of his collections to realize other drawbacks very significant to him.

"Coins and guns are two of the things most often stolen," Lorick said. "I realized I was endangering my wife and two sons by having collections of that value around the house. You have to hide 'em and that's no fun," Lorick said.

It was at this point that Lorick began to get interested in antiques.

"There's a chance of making a hundred per cent profit in antiques," Lorick found out. His next step was to hit the auction circuit where you learn fast or go broke fast.

Here Lorick's simple and obvious attraction to people and his laconic manner and easy ways warmed people of this new world to him and soon after he stepped up to the status of a "ringman."

"A ringman describes the pieces, catches the bids for the auctioneer, and works the people," Lorick explained.

This was a perfect spot for Lorick because "working" the bids involves a good-natured presentation, a terse but not brittle commentary in which laughter means high bids and a yawn heralds financial disaster.

Around this ring is the throbbing, rhythmic vitality that draws crowds, and when the juice is running right and spirits are high, each member is willing to pay two or three times what the piece is worth.

Many nights Lorick spent on the floor of Ted Henson's auction house in Locust, North Carolina, forging a personal rapport with the crowds, contorting in an aura of sawdust under the gaze of the gaveled auctioneer to his rear who solemnly recorded his bids.

And it was this kind of show that got the antique business into Lorick's blood and this point, when a hobby started to become more, started interfering with his bricklaying career and was ultimately destined to supplant it.

At this point, around 1970, Lorick picked up some money in garage sales. A license is not necessary for a garage sale and this was before the sales turned into a mania and eventually a ripoff used by dealers who like to avoid fees and want to collect on the attraction of amateur sales which often means a spontaneous chance at bargain antiques.

Over the next couple of years Lorick gained confidence and capital, and spent fewer and fewer days each month laying brick.

"I had to go one way or the other," Lorick said. "There's no future in laying brick but a bad back. It's a good living but you can't lay brick in your later years. A good brickman burns himself

(Continued on page two)

Carol Lorick tries out an Edison Home Phonograph at Douglas Antiques, one of the studios where he peddles his wares. (All photos by Bob Thompson)

How Carol Lorick went from brick laying to antique dealing in several not-so-easy steps.

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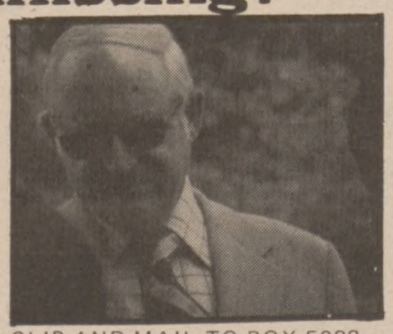

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Gambling in the antique market

(Continued from page one)

cut in 30 years," he said.

Through his career Lorick had built his family a house and he had enough saving to go into the antique business all the way.

"It was a risk, though," he said. "Most of the dealers in Columbia are in their fifties and have something coming in on the side. A lot of them are retired or they have stock. The kids are out and gone."

Lorick was in a different position, however.

"It took me nigh 20 years to get the capital necessary. I would be putting my life savings in it and there would be no income. It was a risk."

"I can make it," Lorick sat down and told his wife one day, "I can do it."

In a time when many of the flea market people, according to Lorick, were satisfied just to pay their motel bills and overhead, Lorick struck out to support a family.

Physically, Lorick seems to have been sound enough to weather a drastic change in his lifestyle.

He has the look of slim wiriness common to many of the good ole boys that came to their growth in the rural South.

He is a lanky, gangly sort with dark eyes that flash a lot and short sweeps of black hair combed in the traditional ducktails that never seem to slip out of place.

Lorick is from West Columbia, across the Broad River at 909 Craft Street, where he still lives with his wife Claudette, and his two sons, Steve and Rodney.

He is the tall type of fellow seen often in West Columbia, folding in and out of a '56 Ford or Chevy like a retractable ladder with a grin.

In fact, before collecting became his hobby and he began to flirt with the antique business, he spent a lot of time in his '56.

"This feller had a '56 Ford and I had a '56 Chevy and the bet was if I could outrun him I could date his girlfriend," he said.

"Of course I won," he said, and that's how he met Claudette, his wife.

"Now I drive a Ford," he said and smiled.

A lot of people, Lorick will tell you, just aren't happy with their jobs and a lot of people in sales aren't concerned with pleasing their customers.

When Lorick talks about his work, however, certain words turn up over and over: "satisfy," "happy," "respect," "quality"...

"I like to look at the construction of antiques. The pride they took in building them just isn't taken today," he said. And Lorick is sure if he lives to be a hundred he won't see all the types there are.

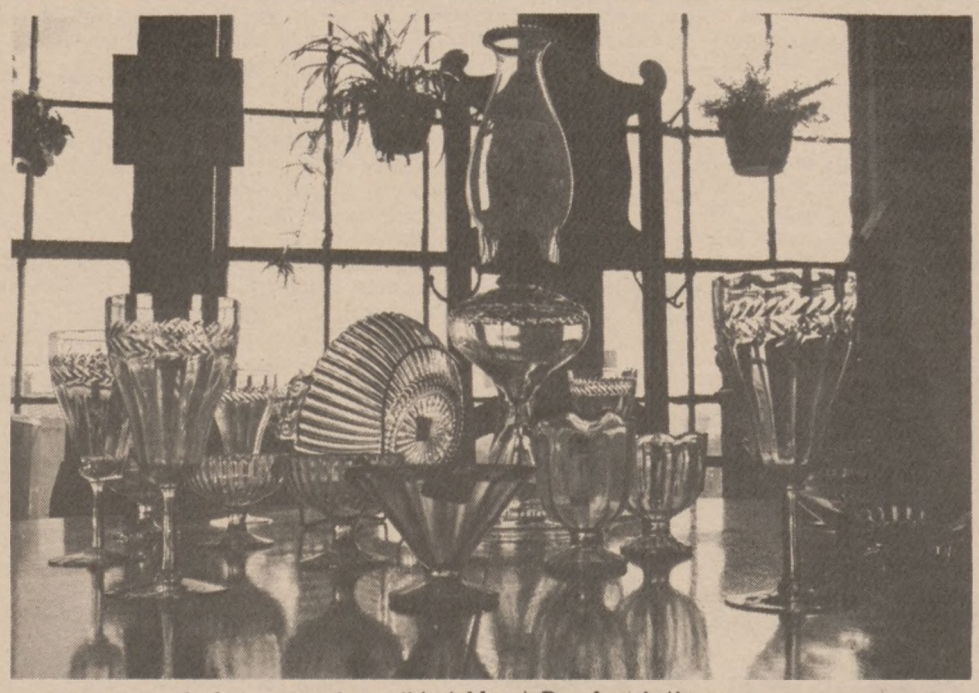
"I love walnut, American Victorian walnut...I'll buy it no matter what it costs. It's the best furniture," he said.

"You know, it was made in America by immigrants all the way back to 1840. It lasted all the way through the Civil war," he said. It's almost as if he was speaking of a person who had the perseverance, the grit to make it through a tough time, instead of a piece of wood. It's almost as if the wood had a personality that speaks to him, spanning time, in a language of fine craftsmanship.

Bricklaying is a stable skill. It's building and that never stops. It attracts the type of man who likes to roll out at 5 a.m. and work six days a week.

But buying and selling -- that's another story.

There are two things that Carol Lorick will never be accused of being short on: nerve and good sense.



An array of glassware adorns this table at Douglas Antiques.

He has a large vocabulary of primarily short words -- words that seldom exceed the magic number of three syllables. They are words he can spew out quickly, that slide up and down the vocal scales and lend themselves to a musical quality.

This has always been a beautiful way of speaking; a simple, country language pleasing to the ear but because it is the perfect vehicle for the PITCH, over the years it has collected a bad reputation. It always seems to accompany the dubious tactics of the HARD SELL.

But Lorick says:

"I believe in being frank...no high pressure...if the wife is pressured the husband might get hot..."

He says, "Some people in antiques get in the habit of lying a lot...I don't like that."

"I like to say -- 'feel free to look around, if you see somethin' you can't live without, I'll be glad to sell it to you."

And when Lorick gets down to the actual selling it's a thing of beauty, a jubilant rural ritual, almost a square dance of words, gestures, grunts and facial twitches.

He has a way of focusing on the person he's talking to, and that person knows that Lorick is right there -- that his passion is not the "almighty dollar" or "shucking" people; that what dragged him away from the tradition and security of bricklaying was the simple philosophy... "when you're selling antiques you meet people. I like people."

Lorick is a man of easy confidence that comes from knowledge.

"Young people buy about 85 percent of your antiques. Older people grew up with them. Their parents threw that kind of furniture out. They just can't accept them as valuable," he said.

"And I would advise the young people to buy oak," a wood that is more available and therefore less expensive. "Yep, oak in mint condition."

"For young people oak is better to begin with...the prices on the finer pieces rise too quickly for their budget," he said.

"If it wasn't for the young people Columbia antique dealers would be in trouble," Lorick said. "The younger singles and couples -- especially the college students -- rave about antiques because they haven't been exposed to them. If they have the money or they can get it they're gonna buy," Lorick said.

"Younger people don't seem to spend the money on cars and clothes like they use to. They spend it on food and things like antiques," he said.

"They dress casually and appreciate life more. Antiques are a fantasy and they appreciate them more. When I was that young I wouldn't look at an antique twice." he said.

"When I first got into the business in Columbia I was trying to sell to the elderly people but they were only looking for trinkets and small pieces. At first I didn't think the younger people had the money but they've been exposed to the poor quality of new furniture and if they see an antique that is built well, they appreciate it and come up with the mon-

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An example of the unusual antiques one can find around Columbia is this cash register, one of the items at Douglas Antiques.

ey," Lorick said.

"They're looking for versatile pieces. They buy oak ice boxes, washstands and pie safes and make bars out of them," he explained.

Lorick explained that to get into the Columbia market as a dealer would require about $5,000 capital. This is regulated to a large extent, by the clientele and their interests.

Even though the youth angle in the Columbia market has kept prices low, lower even than other parts of the state and eastern Georgia, it has had its negative effect.

"There isn't really a quality, superplace in Columbia because the young people are looking for average pieces at average prices. Five hundred dollars is about as high as they can go."

Since economy seems to be the trend (to have a piece made with the same quality and wood by special order would cost about twice the price of the antique piece) Lorick explained that it would be a good idea for people interested in antiques to take a correspondence or trade school course. Learning to refinish can save a buyer hundreds of dollars.

"Refinishing is a lot of hard work but oak is a pretty easy wood to strip (removing paint or and old finish with chemicals). Mahogany is tough because it has dye in it that is hard to remove."

Prices of antique furniture have soared in the past five or six years. A simply constructed brass bed secured at a rural junk shop could have cost the southern buyer between $35 and $75 in 1969. Today the same bed would most likely cost in the neighborhood of $300.

Ornate brass beds have gone for $1,000 to $1,500 without placing a strain on the seller.

"I've got all my savings tied up in walnut," Lorick remarked. "In this recession thing, antiques are only down 15 percent while Dow Jones has dropped 60 percent."

Walnut is a beautiful dark wood that has become almost impossible to find. Finely fashioned "super-pieces" of walnut and buerle walnut (taken from the root of the tree) are often priced between $500 and $1,000.

"Antiques are a good investment for young people because the wood is not available anymore and the labor costs are too high to build the piece these days. And old furniture can take more punishment," Lorick said.

"And if you don't know antiques stay away from auctions," he cautions. "I've seen people pay three times what I could have sold them the piece for retail."

Auctions are for people who know woods, periods and prices. Even a garage or yard sale isn't safe. A few unscrupulous dealers have robbed the traditional sales of their spontaneity by setting up in a yard somewhere, advertising in the paper, and hawking their worst pieces at outrageous prices.

The whole principle of what garage sales have come to mean seems to really irritate Lorick, a basically tolerant man.

His eyes flash in a different way when he talks about them, kind of red.

"It's a disease in the Columbia area right now. People don't realize that these days 70 percent of the sales are on a business basis with dealers who are making a living at them without even buying a business license."

"When people get a little more experience and money they can go into the finer woods and super-pieces," Lorick said.

"Now older people only buy 35 percent or less of your antiques....They like choice period pieces or good cut or pressed glass," he said.

"Personally," Lorick said, "I don't like Empire furniture. It's too bulky...and I don't like to be critical but English imports have hurt the antique business in Columbia. They're overpriced...Now like I say, I like American Victorian walnut. It's darker walnut -- black walnut actually -- while the English walnut is lighter wood.

Lorick explained that the English walnut is very brittle.

"There's very little solid furniture that was made in England. Most of it is veneer. A lot of the English pieces are lined with pine, and the marble on the marble-topped pieces is poor quality."

"I was a ringman at an absolute auction (an auction in which everything is sold despite the size of the bids) the other week. I made some money on American antiques but the English pieces took a beating," Lorick said.

"I'm basically a gambler," he said, smiling. "But I'd get out of the business before I'd sell English imports.

Lorick has about 20-30 "super-pieces" in "mint" condition that he plans to let go around the time of the Bicentennial.

Carol Eugene Lorick was born June 8, 1934, and somewhere between then and now he has picked up the unique talent of making his dreams come true.

These days Lorick buys and sells, placing his merchandise in a local shop on consignment...always looking for a shot at a "super-piece" of American walnut.

And this man of tradition, the builder, is building again. "I'm working on my own shop. I'm building it onto my house." His eyes sparkle and seem to grow distant. "When I get my place built I'm going to stock nothing but fine walnut, American Victorian walnut...and I don't want it to look like a shop," he said.

"I'm building a high ceiling, about nine foot, cause some Victorian pieces are seven-five, seven-ten. I'll have tongued and grooved lumber on the walls and a pot-belly stove," he said.

"I want my place to look like they lived in it back then. When I sell a piece I'll replace it," he said.

Lorick says his favorite "super-piece" -- he talks about it like a shrine -- is "in Ted Henson's auction house in Locust, North Carolina, built around 1778. It took four men 16 to 18 months to build it. It has a lot of carved Bible scenes and animals on it, and it even has secret compartments for money," Lorick said.

Some people will tell you that Lorick is making money hand over fist on superpieces like a roll top desk that was the finest antique he ever owned, but no one knows for sure.

"I'd be in the antique business even if I didn't save a dime," he said.

How can he accept the basic instability of sales after 17 years of laying brick?

Lorick says, "Well, if they walk away happy, I'm happy." For Carol Lorick it's a labor of love.

"The South is the antique buying capital. We're buying our art back from the New England states; we're getting our art back from the Yankees. They carried it off during the Civil War," he said.

And with people like Carol Lorick on the front lines, by damn, the South just might rise again.

"I don't want to stick anybody. I want repeat business," he says and smiles. His teeth flash white, but it is a soft smile, a quiet, happy, "super-piece" of a smile in "mint" condition. ■

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Maybe what this country needs is another Paley report. President Truman named a commission in the early '50s to plan what the country should do about scarce resources in 1975. Now it is 1975 and the scarcities that the commission predicted have punctually arrived, and the five big volumes of the report gather dust. There is no country on earth so fond of preparing splendid reports and of then ignoring them as the USA.

One thing the commission foresaw for 1975 was a global energy shortage and it pleaded for international preparations to meet it. Ho-hum, said America.

Truman set up his five-man Materials Policy Commission, January 22, 1951, under CBS executive William S. Paley, and hopefully asked for a report in "six to nine months." He got it on June 23, 1952. "I do not believe there has ever been attempted before such a broad and farsighted appraisal of the material needs and resources of the U.S. in relation to the needs and resources of the free world," he told Congress.

I thought about the Paley report last week because Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers, Wassily Leontief, Nobel laureate economist, and others formed a new group that urged more government planning, with an Office of National Economic Planning (ONEP) right in the White House and a comparable committee in Congress. They made an unassailable case for planning, I thought. "Every individual and business plans for years ahead," they said; so why not the government? The answer is that governmental planning, five-year plans and things like that are regarded with suspicion. Are they a little unAmerican?

The U.S. launched Mariner 10 on November 3, 1973, and it flew to Venus and then to Mercury, where it circled last weekend, for a total of a billion miles. It performed magnificently and sent back photographs. That took years of planning. But planning for a thing like that is one thing. Social planning and foreseeing energy shortages before they happen, that is different, and to some, slightly sinister.

The Paley report had three handicaps: it surfaced smack in the middle of the Eisenhower-Stevenson presidential race; it was couched in Cold War terms of fear of Russia, which gave it a transient, war-document tone; and it came at a time when "planning" was a dirty word even more so than now, although Truman stressed that all members were respectable private citizens. It never got much attention.

CBS commentator Edward R. Murrow interviewed members of the Paley commission and caught the spirit of the thing: "There never was a nation that consumed so much coal and steel and oil and copper and lumber and water and strange materials and everything that comes out of the earth," he said, "and at the same time gave so little thought to where it comes from." Does that sound familiar? Murrow added, "You may get a jolt this evening to realize that although America is the land of plenty, the plenty is giving out."

The commission took 1950 as its base statistical year and looked ahead 25 years to 1975. If President Ford were to set up a new commission this year it would set a pattern of quarter-century surveys. More important than that, perhaps, would be the Woodcock-Leontief idea of an ONEP to do continuous projections and planning (50 federal offices currently collect economic data but no single agency is responsible for setting appropriate standards and collating the material for coherent national objectives.)

Anybody can make forecasts; the fun is to compare them with reality when the time is up. The Paley commission repeatedly underestimated the extent of change in America in the next 25 years. "We will have to increase the output of our total energy 100 percent in the next 25 years," one commissioner told Murrow. Actually U.S. demand for oil has tripled, not doubled, and for electric power it has increased five times, not three times, as projected.

"There's no consumption like it anywhere in the world!" exclaimed Murrow in awe. "The U.S. has only 10 percent of the world's population and we chew up half of the free world's raw materials." Actually in 1975, instead of 10 percent of the world population, the Zero Population Growth organization calculated last week that U.S. population now amounts to only five percent of the world population (213 million Americans out of four billion on earth).

"Petroleum is the great enigma of future energy supplies," said the report. Even then, in 1950, the U.S. was consuming two-thirds of free world annual production, it said, and in the past five years "for the first time the Nation has become a heavy net importer." It was imperative, the report said, to safeguard outside oil sources, for global interdependence had come to stay. That sounds familiar, too. It guessed that the 1975 working force would be 82 million (actually it's 93 million - 8.2 percent currently idle); gross national product "double" the $355 billion of 1950 (in fact: $821 billion, in constant dollars); and it preached conservation -- "this generation's responsibility to help provide for the next."

The Woodcock-Leontief group revives the call for advance planning; yes, for as much as "15 to 25 years." Soothingly it says that this won't replace the private economy nor "the millions of private decisions that are made in the market every day."

The trends that the forgotten Paley report forecast in 1950 continue today, and will strengthen by the year 2000. More planning seems inevitable. We can't continue to launch economic Mariner 10s and then forget them in space. We need a chart and tracking system.

That seemed obvious last week as Congress galloped to beat a spring vacation deadline hoping to pass a staggering tax cut, loopholes and all. The voices of caution weren't all conservative: George McGovern urged Congress to include public investment expenditures in the program, for housing, transportation, schools and needed services, rather than to "shovel out nearly $30 billion" in tax cuts alone. Economist Leon Keyserling agreed with this approach: he wanted a $16 billion tax cut (not $40 billion as incorrectly quoted here) plus $32 billion in increased federal spending for priority programs. Such a mix might be desirable but would take time and, of course, planning.

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The Ballroom of Columbia's Sheraton Inn was the setting for the debut performance of the latest entries into the Mid-Carolina rock 'n' roll derby -- Orion.

Even though it was the first time the young group had played in public, the surrounding hoopla and publicity was similar to that which might herald a performance of the Rolling Stones. A brochure distributed to first-nighters at the Sheraton modestly proclaimed that Orion "is paving their own yellow brick road to the heart of the music industry" and that the group produces "the ass kickin'est rock and roll boogie the South has ever heard." Which is pretty good for a band that had never played before a "live audience" or even received their first platinum album certificate from RIAA.

I guess there is really no reason why a musical aggregation cannot start at the top of the heap and avoid years of frustration playing in small clubs awaiting the break which will catapult them to stardom. And I'm also sure that there are thousands of groups across the United States like Orion, who would gladly spend weekends sharing the bill with "The Elton John Band" in Los Angeles rather than with "Venereal and the Diseases" at Buddy's Pizza and Sauna in Monetta, S.C. Nevertheless, the great majority of rock bands must toil in nondescript oblivion, just another group of guitars hoping their "dues days" will bring recognition some day.

This is not to rap the musical abilities of Orion, for they are indeed capable, talented musicians who just might achieve notoriety one of these days. But the pretentious nature of their hype was disconcerting to me as well as amusing to the veteran local musicians in the crowd.

Introduced by their manager, Rebekah E. Bailey, Orion launched into a rocker entitled "Time, Time." Immediately evident was their lack of stage presence, attributable to the band's lack of experience. No one expects every singer to cavort around the stage like Jimmy Hall of Wet Willie or Mick Jagger, but to stand in front of a microphone immobile does not lend itself to the singing and presentation of rock and roll.

After another up-tempo song, the band "slowed it down" with "Song for Johnny." The arrangement employed by the band was more complicated than necessary and at times it seemed that lead singer Skey Caskey was singing in one tempo and the balance of the band was playing in another. "Good Time Man" featured good guitar work by Jay Grimsley, as did the blues number which followed. The show got slightly out of hand when Caskey's little sister strolled up and planted a kiss on her brother, triggering dancers to appear as if on cue. An air of hokiness prevailed in the Ballroom.

"Laid Back Lady" and "Night Train" provided the evening's highlights. The latter featured the excellent slide guitar of David Swisher and the trade-offs between he and Grimsley were entertaining. This pair is responsible for Orion's lyrics and composition and seem capable of providing commercially appealing numbers. The Swisher-Grimsley material is compact and was performed without extended guitar solos or uninspired drum pounding. What Orion appears intent upon (and capable of) doing is proving that local groups need not only play "Top Forty" material to be successful if their original material is of good quality. Audiences should enjoy the sound, regardless of their lack of familiarity with the material.

Orion is a local group with potential. To say more at this early date in the band's development would be to overstate. Grimsley and Swisher are solid musicians and Caskey's vocals are promising. Eddie Bristany's bass provides solid background and Gary Spence (formerly with Julius Cobb) supplied powerful (maybe loud would be better word) drumming. The group is hindered by a lack of polish, which experience should cure, and by exaggerated publicity, which can be rectified by realistic public appraisal.

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Trotters Shoals Dam will damage fishing in Clark Hill Lake

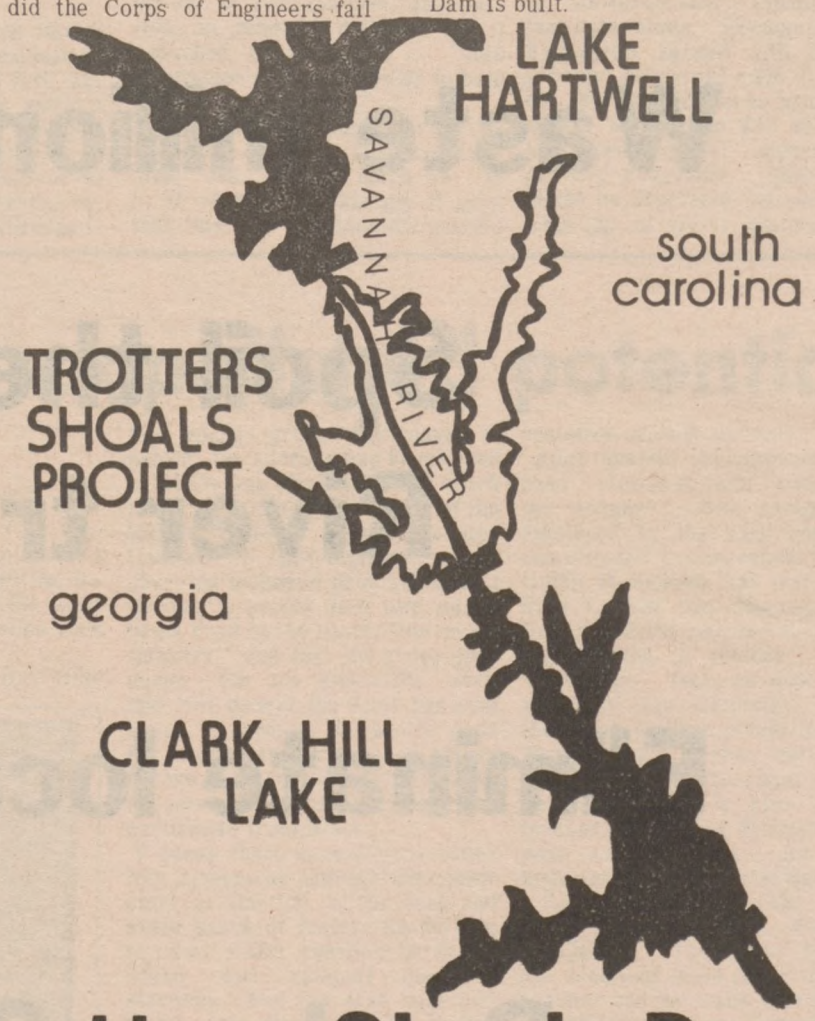
The excellent and popular fishing of the famous Clark Hill Lake is threatened if we allow Trotters Shoals Dam to be built upstream.

Clark Hill Lake is dependent upon the long, rocky river above it. Once this flowing stretch of river is flooded, the oxygen level of the water reaching Clark Hill Lake will be much lower than at present. There will be major disruption of the biology of the lake.

The problem is even more severe because of Hartwell Dam further upstream. With Trotters Shoals an almost unbroken chain of reservoirs for 60 miles above Clark Hill will exist. The oxygen level of each reservoir will be successively worse -- with the most popular one, Clark Hill, receiving the most damage.

Why did the Corps of Engineers fail to account for the oxygen level before planning Trotters Shoals? When the Federal General Accounting Office (GAO) looked at the project in 1974, it concluded "Adverse effects on the quality of fishing for a downstream project (Clark Hill) from construction of the Corps' Trotters Shoals project were not adequately considered." It may be that the Corps did not investigate the problem because they were afraid of what they would find.

There is reason to doubt whether the present bass fishing at Clark Hill will be able to survive the change in water chemistry and the elimination of spawning sites upstream for white bass. Major damage to fishing in Clark Hill Lake is a very real prospect if Trotters Shoals Dam is built.



Trotters Shoals Dam will waste millions of tax dollars

The estimated cost of the Trotters Shoals Dam has more than doubled since it was originally planned -- all of it will be paid with public tax dollars. Back in 1965, the cost was estimated at $79 million. It is now estimated at over $190 million. Before it is finished, it could easily cost the taxpayers a quarter of a billion dollars. By contrast, Clark Hill cost only $90 million.

Is it worth it? The project is largely being justified by its advocates because of "recreational benefits" (20% of the total "benefit"). The U.S. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation (BOR) says that the existing reservoirs of the area are sufficient to meet future demand, and Trotters Shoals is not needed. Many people feel that the loss of recreational opportunity by harming Clark Hill, losing wildlife habitat, and eliminating trout fishing and other recreation will result in an overall adverse impact, rather than a recreational benefit.

Compared to power production projects that are currently being planned and built, Trotters Shoals will be of little value to the regional network of power generation which its power would feed. Yet power production is the primary benefit claimed for Trotters Shoals. The total power the project would produce is 300,000 KW, available only at peak periods. By contrast, Duke Power Company has recently built a nuclear-hydro project in the upper Savannah River Basin which will generate 3000 megawatts, with 610,000 KW of peak power included.

Trotters Shoals is a poor investment for the public to make. Other public projects and programs employ more people and bring greater return. The effort to appropriate another 2% ($4.4 million) for the project in 1975 must be stopped in Congress; less than 1% of the cost has been spent so far. The exhorbitant sum of over $190 million in taxes should not be spent on destroying the forests, farms, and existing recreation of the upper Savannah River Valley.

Trotters Shoals Dam will destroy 26,000 acres of prime habitat

If the last portion of the Upper Savannah River is converted to a lake, 26,000 acres of prime wildlife habitat will be lost in the forests of the river valley. Deer, wild turkey, and small game are abundant in these hardwood and mixed hardwood-and-pine forests, as are many non-game animals. These forests provide a tremendous amount of hunting opportunity, and much of it is used by the S.C. Wildlife Department as a Game Management Area.

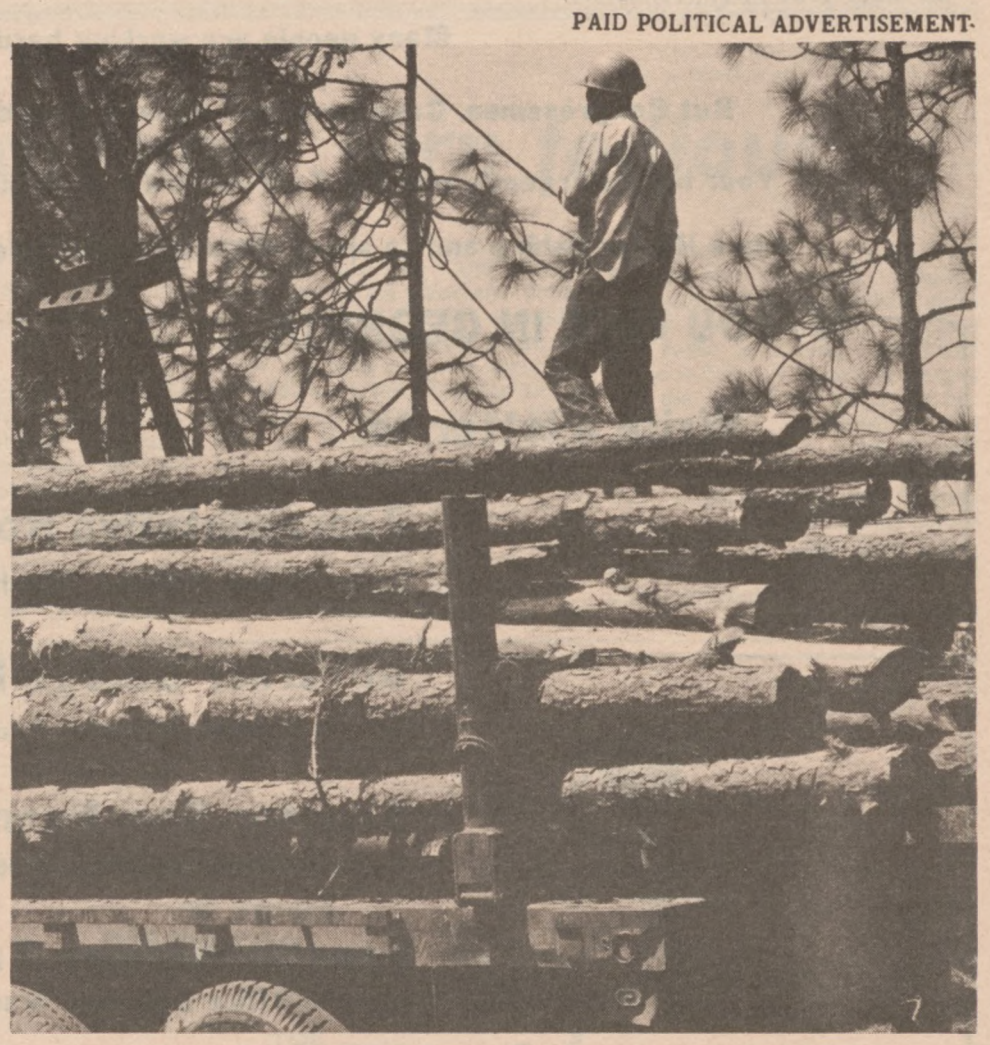
There is no way to "mitigate" or replace the habitat once it is destroyed -- the wildlife of the Upper Savannah River valley will be almost completely gone when the Trotters Shoals section is lost. Lakes Hartwell and Clark Hill have already inundated 126,000 acres of land along the river. With the damming of the Trotters Shoals section, we will within a few short years have pressed the rich and diverse habitat of a major river to near oblivion.

Trotters Shoals Dam will eliminate local forestry jobs

A total of 59,000 acres of land will be required for Trotters Shoals. 26,000 acres of commercial forest will be irreversibly lost to productivity -- high-yield forest that provides jobs for local citizens.

The arguement that building the reservoir might provide local employment is not supported by fact. Jobs were not properly investigated by the Corps of Engineers; the U.S. General Accounting Office found that "Adverse effects of lost employment from timber land that would be inundated were not evaluated for the Corps' Trotters Shoals project." The GAO also found that the Corps could not substantiate its claim that the construction work force would be derived from the local population. And with only 2% of the project funds planned for appropriation in F.Y. 1975-76, there is no immediate value for the project in relief of the regional construction situation.

The local community may suffer economically if the reservoir is built, because of damage to county tax bases and growth opportunities. The recreation provided at Clark Hill and Hartwell already saturates the demand, and the project at best would only compete with adjacent existing reservoirs, rather than draw new people to the area.



Trotters Shoals Dam will spoil the Savannah River trout fishing

One of the best trout streams in the region, the Upper Savannah River below Hartwell Reservoir, will be largely eliminated by Trotters Shoals Dam. There are about 10 miles of trout stream stocked by the South Carolina and Georgia fisheries and wildlife agencies. Tens of thousands of fishermen enjoy this fishing opportunity each year. A total of over 40 miles of scenic rivers and creeks, supporting diverse recreational and fishing uses, will be destroyed. The upper Savannah is also an excellent whitewater canoe stream.

IT'S YOUR CHOICE.

Trotters Shoals Dam cannot be stopped without the help of our public officials.

And they are waiting to hear from YOU.

PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Many people are working hard to stop Trotters Shoals Dam.

But Congressmen, Governors, and Senators need to have the opinions of large numbers of citizens.

Your help is urgently needed. Your letters are the most important and influential part of the effort to save Clark Hill for fishing and to spare the many other uses of the Upper Savannah River valley from destruction.

IF YOU LIVE IN GEORGIA...

Write a letter to:

Representative Robert Stephens
House Office Building Washington, D.C 20510

Governor George Busbee
State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia 30334

Senator Sam Nunn
Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515

Senator Herman Talmadge
Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515

URGE THEM TO STOP THE WASTEFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE TROTTERS SHOALS RESERVOIR.

IF YOU LIVE IN SOUTH CAROLINA...

Write a letter to:

Representative Butler Derrick
House Office Building , Washington, D.C. 20510

Governor James Edwards
State House, Columbia, S.C. 29201

Senator Ernest F. Hollings
Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515

Senator Strom Thurmond
Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515

URGE THEM TO STOP THE WASTEFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE TROTTERS SHOALS RESERVOIR.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE GROUPS WHICH HAVE ANNOUNCED THEIR OPPOSITION TO TROTTERS SHOALS RESERVOIR:

Atlanta Audubon Society

Chattahoochie Chapter of the Sierra Club (Georgia and Alabama)

Columbia Audubon Society

Georgia Canoeing Association

Georgia Conservancy

Georgia Council of Trout Unlimited

Georgia Wildlife Federation

Joseph LeConte Chapter of the Sierra Club (North and South Carolina)

National Wild Turkey Federation

South Carolina Bass Association

South Carolina Environmental Coalition

South Carolina Wildlife Federation

Upper Savannah River Defense Association

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR LEGAL DEFENSE ARE URGENTLY NEEDED AND MAY BE SENT TO THE UPPER SAVANNAH RIVER DEFENSE ASSOCIATION.

For more information on how you can help stop Trotters Shoals Reservoir, write to the Upper Savannah River Defense Association at 4019 Woburn Drive, Tucker, Ga. 30084 or at Box 5761, Columbia, S.C. 29250.

A 30-minute slide show is available upon request, which describes the uses, choices, and history of the area.

PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Cinema

Bogdanovich's 'wildest dreams' turn tedious

At Long Last Love
at the Jefferson Square

Mary Shelley's Dr. Frankenstein created a monster while trying to realize his wildest dreams. In **At Long Last Love**, Hollywood's Peter Bogdanovich has done the same thing.

Bogdanovich's chief theory is that old movies can be fun. In itself, the theory may be a good one, for, in the past, this director has provided us with some classy reweavings of the best Hollywood genres of the early screen: the small-town drama of characters (**The Last Picture Show**), the screwball comedy (**What's Up Doc?**), and the child-star epic (**Paper Moon**). With **Daisy Miller**, Bogdanovich concocted an unsuccessful old-fashioned costume drama, and, in this new film, he fails miserably in attempting to resurrect the old Hollywood "formula" musicals of the 1930's and 1940's.

The "old-Hollywood" musical was an original work, usually commissioned by a large studio, which basically existed to showcase the talents of certain stars (from the sublime Astaire and Rogers to the mundane Deanna Durbin). The spectacle of these works titillated an audience tired of the Depression and/or war, but their large production budgets soon became too much of an investment for a studio to make on an unknown quantity. The refinement of the Broadway musical all but rang the death knell for this peculiarly Hollywood genre, since the New York hits were a "sure thing" at the box office.

The Broadway musical reigned supreme in the Hollywood of the 1950's and 1960's especially after the phenomenal success of **My Fair Lady** and **The Sound of Music** while the "original" musical became even more formalized as the beach party, sun-and-surf epics with Annette Funicello and bubble-gummy lyrics. (Walt Disney's **Mary Poppins** was perhaps the best non-Broadway musical of the last decade). By the end of the 1960's, however, even the Broadway musical-into-movie faced trouble as production costs soared and box office receipts dwindled.

One would assume that the scholarly Bogdanovich would have no troubles with such a task. He certainly knows the conventions of the Hollywood musicals. He has incorporated into his film a plot as mindless and maudlin as that found in something like **Forty-Second Street, Top Hat,** or **The Gang's All Here**; he has envisioned flashy sets and costumes; he has used popular songs from a popular composer. Unlike the directors of the past, however, he has failed to rise above the level of his material; he has given us everything but the entertainment that we have learned to expect from such a film.

Bogdanovich's main problems seem to stem from an unmanageable cast which brings us to another Bogdanovichian thesis, to wit: Cybill Shepherd is a dynamic screen presence. Shepherd can neither sing nor dance nor act; as an image on the screen, she is unexciting, predictable, and stilted. Perhaps working on the assumption that one shouldn't mix sows' ears with silk purses, Bogdanovich has cast Burt Reynolds (of all people) and Duilio del Prete (from **Daisy Miller**) opposite Shepherd as the two men flitting for her attention. Had Bogdanovich succeeded with these three actors, he would have surpassed even Dr. Frankenstein's attempt to create life from death.

Fortunately, old Bogdanovich reliables Madeline Kahn and Eileen Brennan (**Picture Show, The Sting**) are on hand to perk up the proceedings with nice bits of slapstick and humor. Kahn as Broadway star Kitty O'Kelly never reaches the degree of intensity which she achieved in her earlier roles for this director in **What's Up Doc**? or **Paper Moon.** As Shepherd's gum-chewing, wise-cracking maid, Brennan gives the film's best performance. As Reynold's valet, John Hillerman lends Brennan able assistance. Mildred Natwick is wasted as Reynolds' mother.

So, too, are the Cole Porter tunes, the lavish black-and-white, art deco sets, and the exquisite costumes. Bogdanovich would not allow his actors to dub lyrics in the studio so, too often, the words became lost in the action. Shepherd and Reynolds enunciate well, but both lack the rhythm, the wit, and the vocal nuances to pull off Porter's more sophisticated lyrics. Del Prete's heavy accent renders him unintelligible most of the time. Kahn's on-stage number, "Primitive Man," and the title song, "At Long Last Love," get the best treatment. Usually, we must settle for separate shots of the four actors, each singing one verse of a song. When that verse is finished, the scene changes and the next actor sings his bit.

Anyone still searching for the thrills that only a good musical can provide had best keep waiting. **Funny Lady** and **Tommy** should come to our rescue before too long. **At Long Last Love**, in the meantime, has nothing to offer but tedium.

Mike Smith

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN
MARCH 28 - APRIL 4

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Sheba, Baby" is held over. Ms. Pam Grier's personal appearance must have helped this movie which is playing at two theatres in Columbia. PG with shows at 3:30, 5:15, 7:40, and 9:25.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Poor Cecily" and "Sleazy Rider." Both are rated X with complete shows at ;30 and 8:30.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Sheba, Baby" is here also. Times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Dirty Joke" and "Round Robin" are this week's fare. Rated X of course with continuous shows starting at 1 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"The Great Waldo Pepper" is dislikably goody-goody despite the supposedly "serious" ending. Robert Redford stars as a daredevil stunt flier and there's some good 20's barnstorming ambience, but director George Roy Hill's style may necessitate dental surgery. G. The starting times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

Ray Milland and Eddie Albert star in "Escape to Witch Mountain," a new piece of Disney-ana with a science fiction motif. G at 1:45, 4, 6:15 and 8:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Lenny" has hard-working Dustin Hoffman, fine newcomer Valerie Perrine, slick direction by Bob Fosse, and seemingly little to do with the real Lenny Bruce. It's enjoyable on a certain level, but ultimately the boyish Hoffman using Bruce's "obscenities" doesn't make much sense. Rated R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Sound of Music." It's the old reliable in another Columbia run. This movie was boffo box office back in 1965 and temporarily became the biggest grosser of all time. It may be too saccharine for today's audiences, but then "Waldo Pepper" is a big hit. G. 2, 5, and 8.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Towering Inferno" just won't go away; lots of people must be coming back for seconds. This is probably the best of the "disaster" movies, although that's not saying a lot. PG. Shows at 3, 6, and 9.

Michael York in "The Four Musketeers" at Richland Mall I.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"At Long Last Love." Cybill Shepherd and Burt Reynolds demonstrate their lacks in Peter Bogdanovich's revival of Cole Porter and the thirties musicals. This movie seems almost sadistically intent on forcing its rather limited stars to sing and dance, and Bogdanovich's idea of style is to make everything white. Five minutes of Shepherd's sultry bitch routine is enough to last a lifetime. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Young Frankenstein." Gene Wilder, Marty Feldman, Madeline Kahn and assorted other crazies in a gloriously silly send-up of the Frankenstein legend. For what it is, this comedy is so perfect it's almost a work of art. Directed by Mel Brooks and co-scripted by Wilder. PG. Times are 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:15 and 9:25.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Shampoo" stars Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in a bedroom farce about a hairdresser who does more for his clients than just fix their hair. This film has generated some controversy, mainly because producer/co-writer Beatty has apparently re-created his off-screen love life. Rated R, it will be shown at 3, 5, 7 and 9.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad." Re-release of an adventure film with some highly praised special effects. G. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, and 7:10.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Four Musketeers." A continuation of last year's "The Three Musketeers," which judging from its predecessor should be a funny if thoroughly lightweight entertainment. Michael York as D'Artagnan, Raquel Welch as herself, and direction by Richard Lester. 3, 5, 7 and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Escape to Witch Mountain" is also playing here. 1:45, 4, 6:15, and 8:30.

music

John Denver's April 9 concert at Carolina Coliseum isn't sold out yet, but only $5 tickets are still available. Contact the box office or any Coliseum ticket outlet. The Coliseum has also scheduled the Carpenters for April 20, with tickets available at $6.50 and $5.50.

Chopin Lives, a combination of music and theatre within the framework of the traditional recital, will be held at USC on Tuesday, April 1. Pianist Robert Guralnik has spent two years developing this program in which he appears as Chopin himself, performing his music and reminiscing about his work and the times in which he lived. The recital is open to the public and will be held in the Campus Room of Capstone at 8:15 p.m.

Gina Bachauer, nationally acclaimed pianist, will be presenting a recital at Township Auditorium on April 3 at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at $7, $6, and $5 from the Columbia Music Festival.

theatre

Winnie the Pooh, a children's play based on the A.A. Milne characters, begins at the Workshop Theatre on April 1. Performances are nightly at 8 p.m. with matinees on Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets are $2 each.

art

The Columbia Museum of Art continues with three exhibits: the "American Painting Survey," which includes work by such painters as Frederic Remington and Andrew and James Wyeth; the "Survey of S.C. Silver and Silversmiths" assembling the work of native craftsmen from both private and industrial collections; and "Graphics 74/Spain," a survey of of modern Spanish artists including Joan Miro and Eduardo Chillada.

clubs

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"John and Silas" April 1 through the 5th. No cover charge.

JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

March 31 through April 6 - "The Drifters." $6 per couple.

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THE POINT AFTER, 304 Greystone Blvd., 254-8101

"The Banana Bunch" is tentatively scheduled for the week of March 31 through April 6. Charges are $1 for men and women are free Monday through Thursday, $2.50 for singles and $5 for couples on Friday and Saturday.

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

Members are admitted free Monday through Wednesday, and the charge is two dollars per person. There is a beer party on Thursday nights from 8 to 11 with a $5 cover charge per couple.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Horizons" will be performing on March 27th and 28th, "Saint Vitus Dance Band" on the following weekend. Charges for members are $2 for men on the weekend, $1 for women. Free admission on Tuesdays.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

Admission is $1 per person Monday through Thursday, $2 on weekends. A membership card is required at $1 per month and $5 per year.

specials

Spring at Sparkleberry. The first annual outdoor arts event, April 5, 10 to 5, April 6, 2 to 5, focuses on the springtime moods with an impressive variety of jewelry and batiks (banners and wall hangings), a balanced array of visual arts with 18 exhibiting artists, and three musical performances; Saturday at 11 and 3 and Sunday at 3 there will be cookie creations from the brick oven and balloon creations floating into the sky. No admission charge, no reservation.

A debate will be held March 31 at USC on the subject of whether the United States should become involved militarily in the Middle East. It is sponsored by the British Union Society and will be open to the public in the Campus Room of Capstone at 8:15 p.m.

The USC Concert Choir will present an Easter season concert on Sunday, March 30, at Washington Street Methodist Church. The concert will feature Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and the guest soloists will be Beverly Hay, soprano; Evelyn McGarrity, alto; Harry Cardwell, tenor; and Richard Conant, bass-baritone, all members of the USC music faculty. The performance will be open to the public and is scheduled to begin at 4 p.m.

Violence continues as the topic of Clemson University's current lecture series. On April 2 philosopher Beverly Woodward will speak on "Alternatives to Violence: Nonviolent Activism," and sociologist Paul Wehr will take the topic, "Nonviolent Action as a Creative Conflict." On April 3 "The Role of Law in Precipitating Violence and Peace" will be considered by Burns H. Weston, professor of law at the University of Iowa. The lectures are at 7:30 p.m. and will be held at the Daniel Hall Auditorium.

television

Saturday, March 29

3-7 p.m. - NCAA national semifinal from the San Diego Sports Arena. (Channel 10)

9:30 p.m. - Theater in America stars James Earl Jones in "King Lear." Joseph Papp's all black production was first produced by the New York Shakespeare festival, and while it's not particularly good, any Shakespeare on the tube is an event. (Channel 35)

Sunday, March 30

6 p.m. - Part 2 of the Mike Wallace interview with H.R. Haldeman. This time Haldeman's 8mm movies of the Nixon White House operation will be included. (Channel 19)

6:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Wizard of Oz" in its annual showing. No one could fail to love this 1939 classic that is still one of the finest film fantasies ever made. (Channel 10)

Monday, March 31

9 p.m. - Basketball. The championship game of the NCAA tournament. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - The Ascent of Man. "Knowledge of Certainty." In part 12 Dr. Bronowski looks at the moral problems facing today's scientists. (Channel 35, ETV)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Tom Snyder interviews Clare Booth Luce in New York. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, April 1

8:30 p.m. - "The Runaways" is a TV movie about a teen-age orphan who flees his foster parents and befriends another runaway -- an escaped leopard. With Josh Albee and Dorothy McGuire. (Channel 19)

9:30 p.m. - Profile. The late Harry Partch, an avant-garde musicologist, is shown with some of his invented instruments of glass, metal and wood. Also featured are portions of his last composition, "The Dreamer That Remains." (Channel 35, ETV)

1 a.m. Tomorrow. New theories on the Kennedy assassination are discussed. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, April 2

9:30 p.m. - Feeling Good. This PBS series returns with a revised format that focuses on an individual health problem each week. Dick Cavett is the new host. (Channel 35, ETV)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. A sudden plethora of Cavett with this rerun of his Katherine Hepburn interview. It will be concluded Thursday at 11:30. (Channel 25)

Thursday, April 3

8 p.m. - The Confessions of Dick Van Dyke. A series of sketches based on the star's personal phobias, i.e. growing old, women, cocktail parties and repairmen. Michele Lee and his daughter Stacy are the guests. Any excuse to get Van Dyke back on TV is, of course, welcome. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Part 2 of Dick Cavett's interview with Katherine Hepburn. (Channel 25)

Friday, April 4

8 p.m. - Black Bart. A comedy special/pilot based on "Blazing Saddles" for fans of that movie. Lou Gosset stars. (Channel 19)

■

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